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INTERNATIONAL

club

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TRUE CONFESSION OF A POP STAR

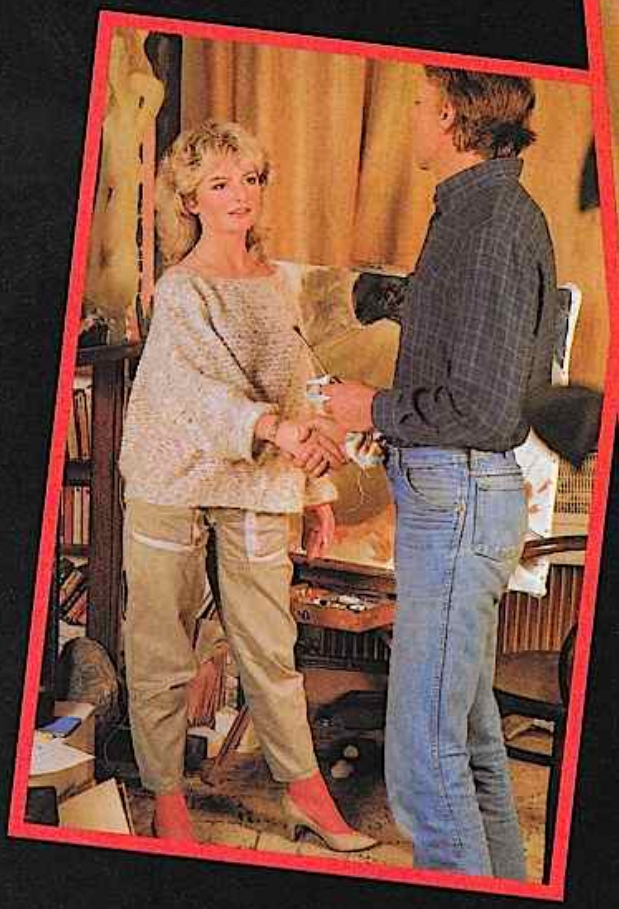
NUDE ON A BIKE

PAINT THAT BODY!

LADIES IN LEATHER

TOM O'CONNOR EXPOSED

ROUND THE WORLD WITH LINZI DREW



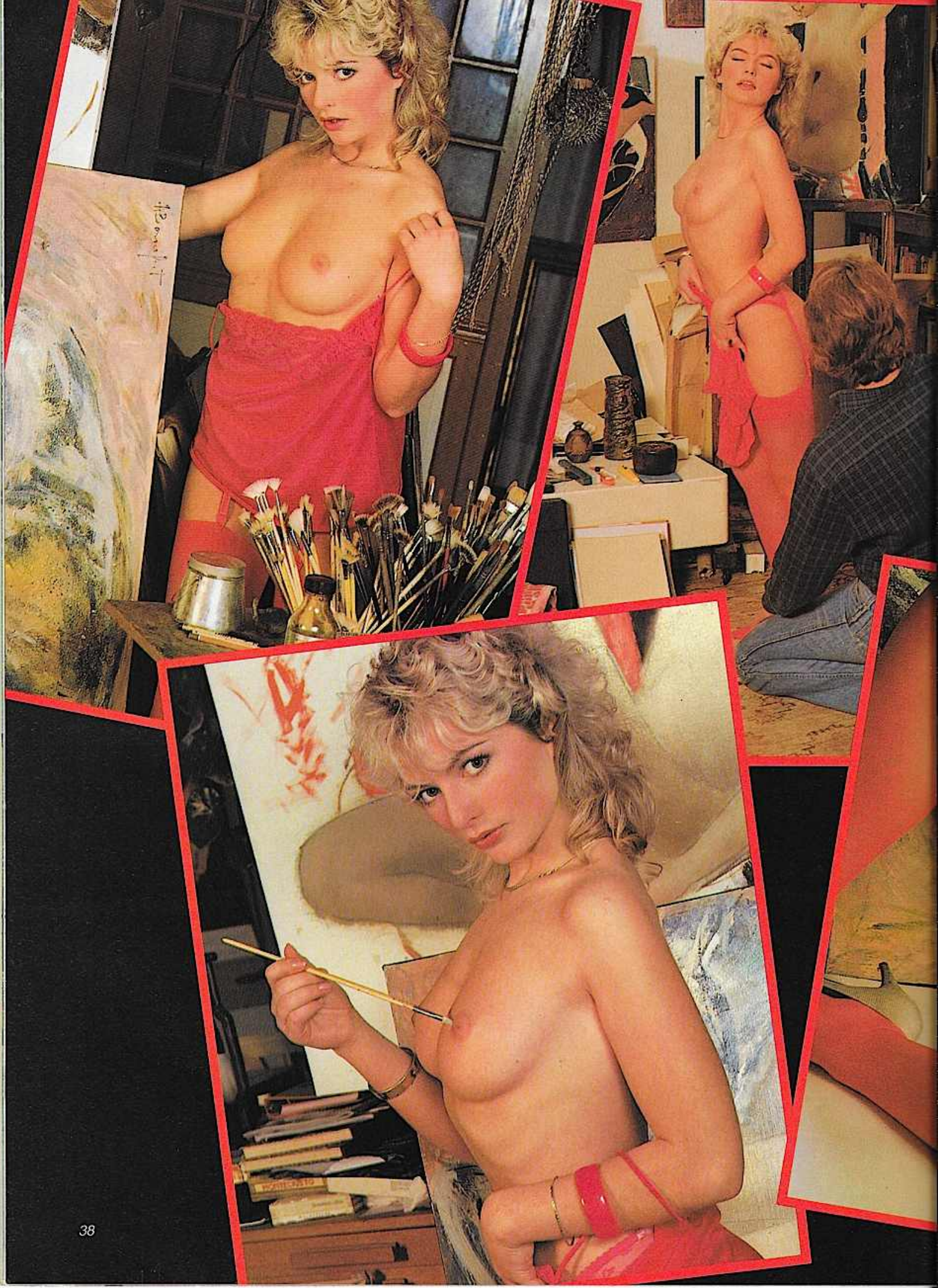
A Work of Art

'A work of art'; 'a masterpiece': how many times have you heard a girl's body described as such? Often, such claims are a trifle exaggerated.

But, as far as Hayley's concerned, these descriptions couldn't be nearer the mark. To fulfil her life's ambition of being turned into a walking art gallery (albeit a small one), all Hayley needed to do was to persuade her artist friend to swap the canvas for her soft flesh. She didn't need to do much persuading.

The end result is very pleasing on the eye indeed, and our team of experts made special mention of the ready-made flower pot. In fact, they made lots of mentions of it.

While we don't really expect Hayley to end up in the Tate Gallery, we *do* think she'll take pride of place on the bedroom walls and locker doors of art lovers everywhere.



club
Biker
HONDA
250
SPACY 250
B361
OLE
HONDA U.K. PRESS FLEET

PACED OUT!

Photographs by Dave Antony

Whenever the word 'scooter' is mentioned to bikers, they probably think of an old Vespa with a horrible, gaudy paint job, six aerials, twice as many mirrors and a teenager with a fishtail parka sitting on it.

Well, they can think again. Honda turned the world of scooters on its head with the introduction of the 125 Spacy last year, and they've *really* shaken things up with the brand new 250 version. Any Mods reading this had better stop here, because they'll have a heart attack if they hear what Honda have gone and done with their favourite form of transport!

I would think the Mods are about the only ones who'll be upset, though. Personally, I wouldn't be seen dead on one of their Vespas or Lambrettas, but I loved the trendy looks of the Spacy – and a lot of other people obviously did, too: everywhere I went, it proved to be a real attention-grabber (or maybe it was the sight of me riding a scooter in full leathers!).

The aerodynamic, space-age design – hence its name – is enough to set the Spacy worlds apart (or should that be *planets* apart...?) from 'ordinary' scooters, but there's more – lots more!

There's electric starting, anti-dive front forks, a powerful disc brake, decent electrics, a plush seat, a rear carrier and the latest digital instrumentation. Not to mention the water-cooled, four-stroke engine. All this on a *scooter*, remember!

And it's probably the fastest scooter you can buy, too – as well as being the biggest. I say *probably*, because the bike was brand new when I collected it (Club International was the first magazine to test it) and needed running in. Even so, I was amazed at the flexibility of

club Biker

the engine, which would happily purr along at two mph and cruise smoothly at 50. I reckon it should do 70 without too much trouble.

Around town is where the Spacy really scores, as you'd expect. Small and light, it's a doddle to filter through heavy traffic, and there's no clutch to bother about. Honda's 'V-matic' transmission means you just press the starter button, open the throttle and leave the rest to the bike. At first, I kept on looking for the gear pedal or the clutch, but I soon got it into my thick skull that there's nothing for my left hand or foot to do except sit there. The Spacy really is as easy to ride as the simplest moped. You'll need to have passed your two-part bike test on a 125 or smaller, though, before you can legally ride the 250: the 125 Spacy is OK for learners.

Quick Off The Mark

Away from traffic lights, the Spacy is surprisingly quick off the mark – certainly quick enough to see off most cars – and at 45mph, there's still

enough poke to allow safe, fuss-free overtaking. Speaking as an ex-despatcher, it wouldn't surprise me to see some Spacys doing the rounds before too long!

Riding Position

As I said before, the seat is very comfortable – it's good for the pillion passenger, too – but long journeys are a bit of a pain in the neck...literally! The upright, feet-forward riding position means the old neck pains start coming in with a vengeance after about 50 miles: to be fair, though, a fully run-in bike would have covered a bit more than that in the same time. Also, motorway cross winds upset it slightly – something that all scooter riders just have to live with. I don't envy the Mods their cross-country Bank Holiday expeditions to the seaside resorts!

Most girls who ride bikes stick to simple step-through mopeds, so I'm sure they'd love the Spacy. Weighing in at only 268lbs, the cat could probably push it around; the scooter styling means riding to work in a skirt and high heels can be done without any hassles (all your right foot needs to do is operate the big, car-sized brake pedal); there's a lockable glove compartment to keep your make-up bag in and there's a very handy carrier at the back to strap your handbag on to – or the carry-out for the party.

But the boys will appreciate the Spacy's good points, too: it's clean, civilized, safe (with good brakes and lights), more than powerful enough for what it will be mostly used for and – of course – it's as trendy as Habitat. You pay for all that, though: it costs £1,399.

Above all, it's good fun (as long as you stick to the city streets or short trips), which, to me, is what riding bikes is all about. Spacymen and Spacywomen everywhere will really look forward to the Monday morning blast-off!

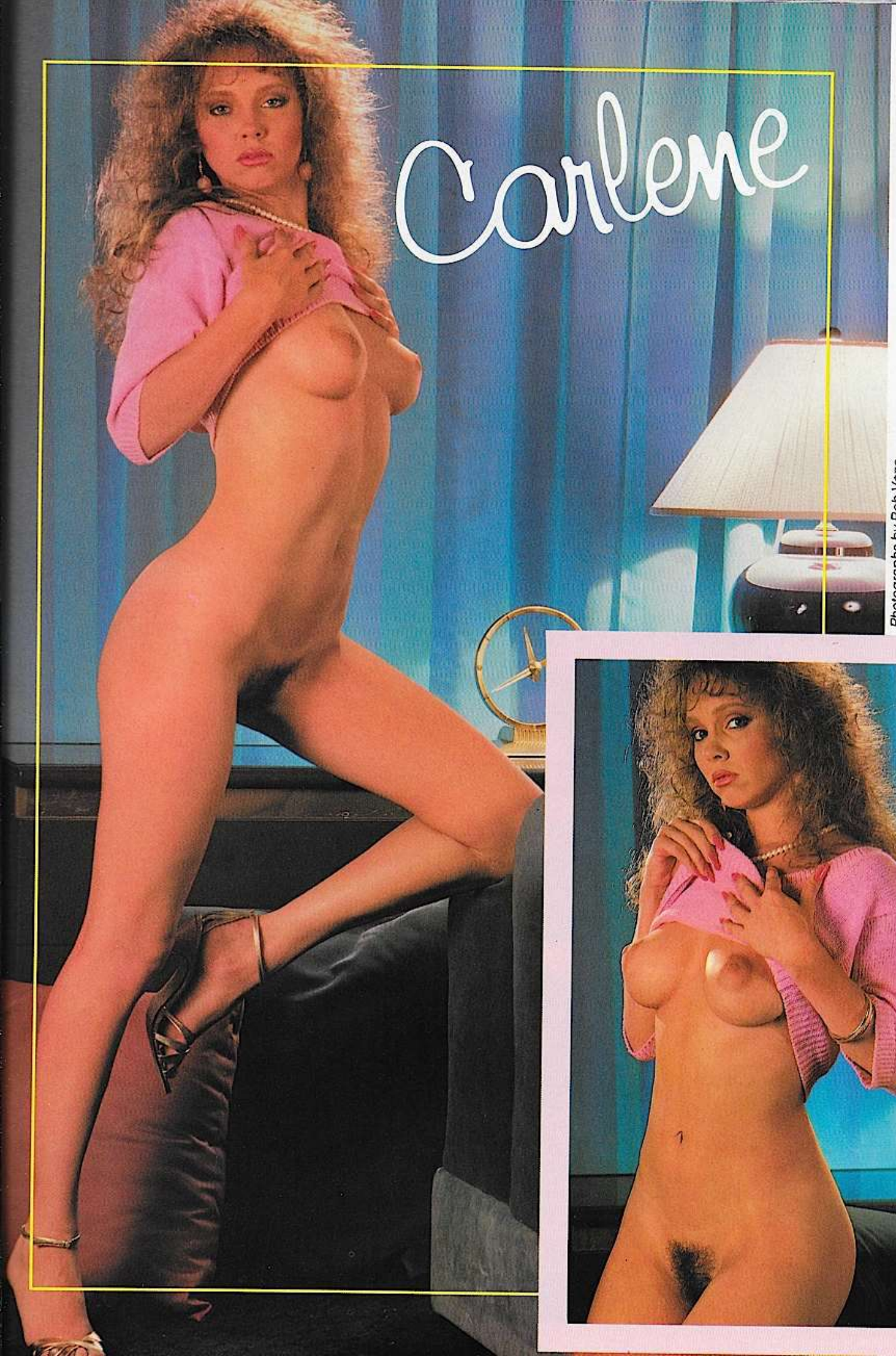
Dawn Beaven

Dawn's Rivetts leather jacket and gloves courtesy of Rivetts of London Ltd., 234/6/8 High Road, Leytonstone, London E11.

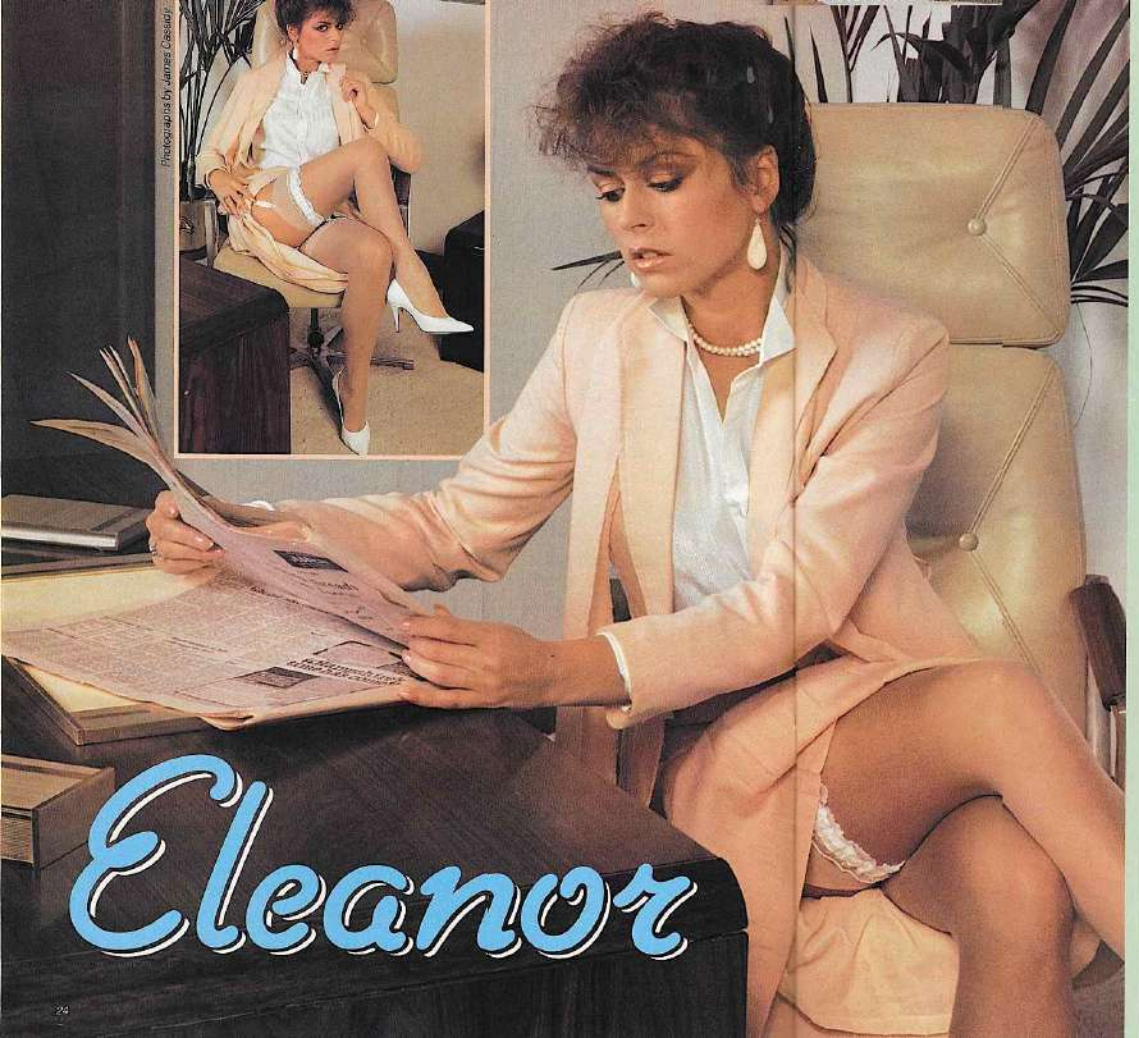
HONDA CH 250 SPACY

Engine: 244cc, single-cylinder, four-stroke. Two valves. Maximum power 21bhp @ 7500rpm, maximum torque 15.91ft/lbs @ 5500rpm.
Transmission: V-matic gearbox. Final drive by enclosed belt.
Performance: Top speed 70mph. Average fuel consumption 75mpg (both approx.).
Price: £1399 inc. VAT and car tax.
Warranty: Twelve months unlimited mileage.
Importer: Honda UK Ltd., Power Road, Chiswick, London W4 5YT.

Carlene

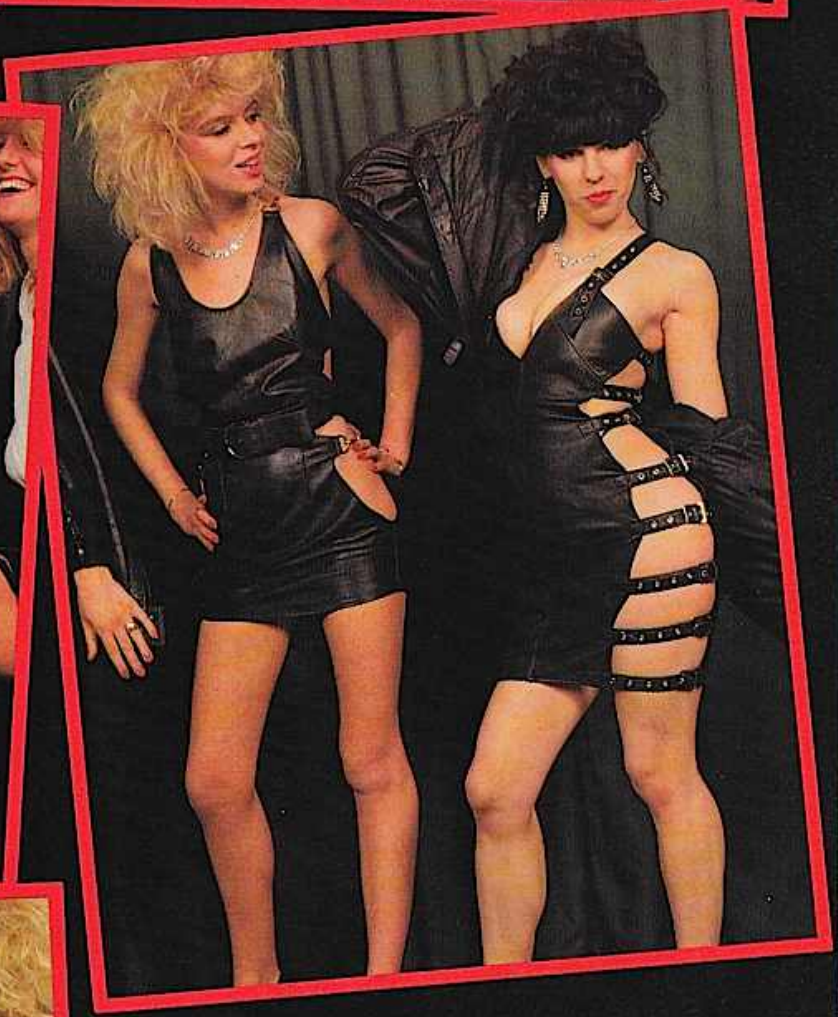


Photographs by Bob Veze


Photographs by James Cassidy
Eleanor

club Event

Photographs by Dave Antony

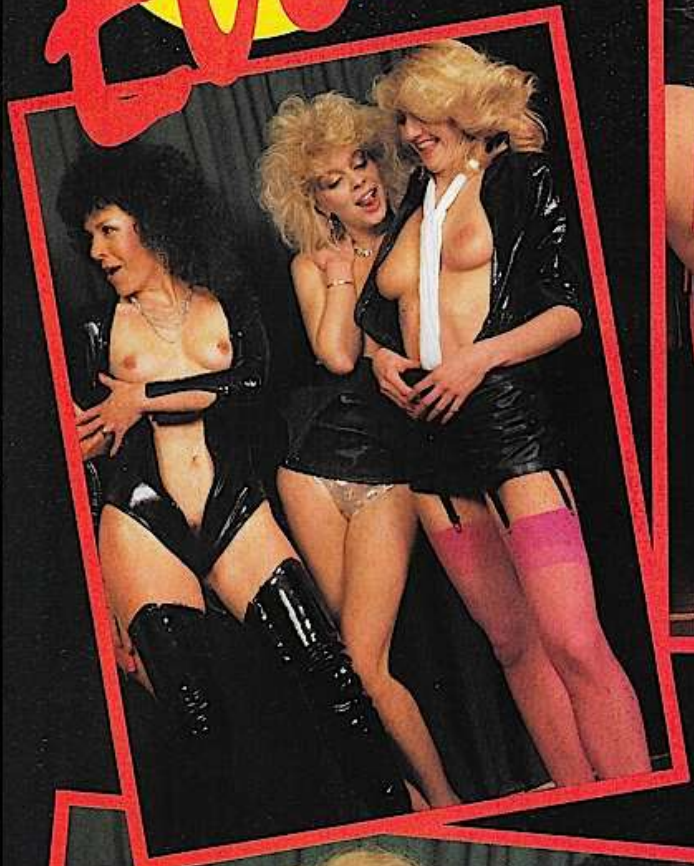


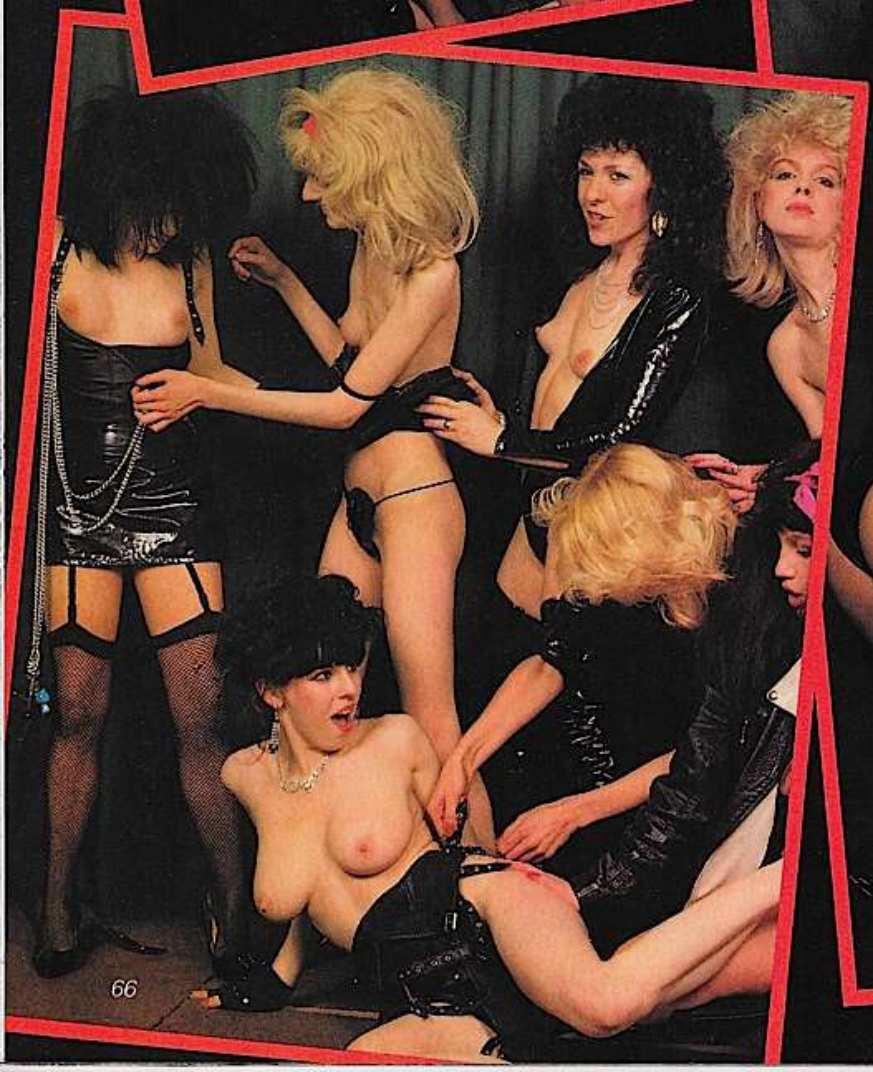
Ms Leather Queen 1985? Well, frankly, we were a bit dubious when we got invited to cover that one for *Club Event*. But we were warmly assured that this one would be right up our alley.

Intrepid as ever, we set off to the suburbs of London to a small community centre where all these sexy girls were creaking and squeaking about on stage in brand new leather.

Inevitably, the inevitable happened when Club cameras are around and the girls got very frolicsome before the competition was over and doffed their leathers to show off some real skin. They were all disqualified, but who cares?

club Event





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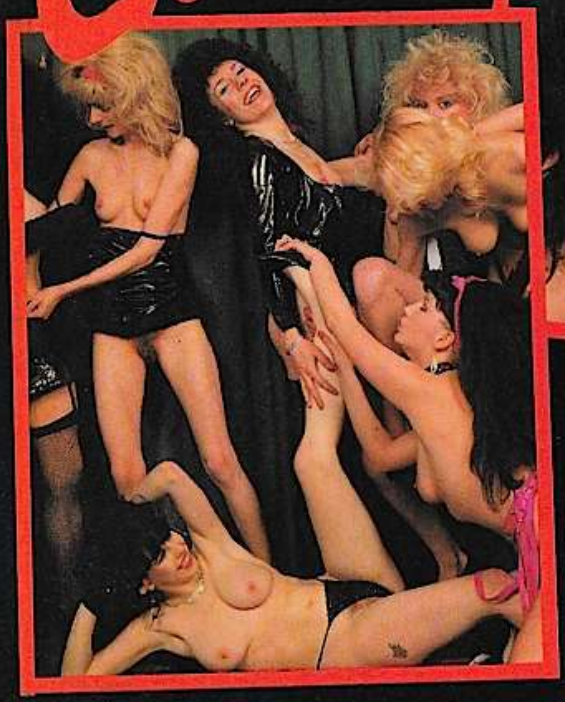


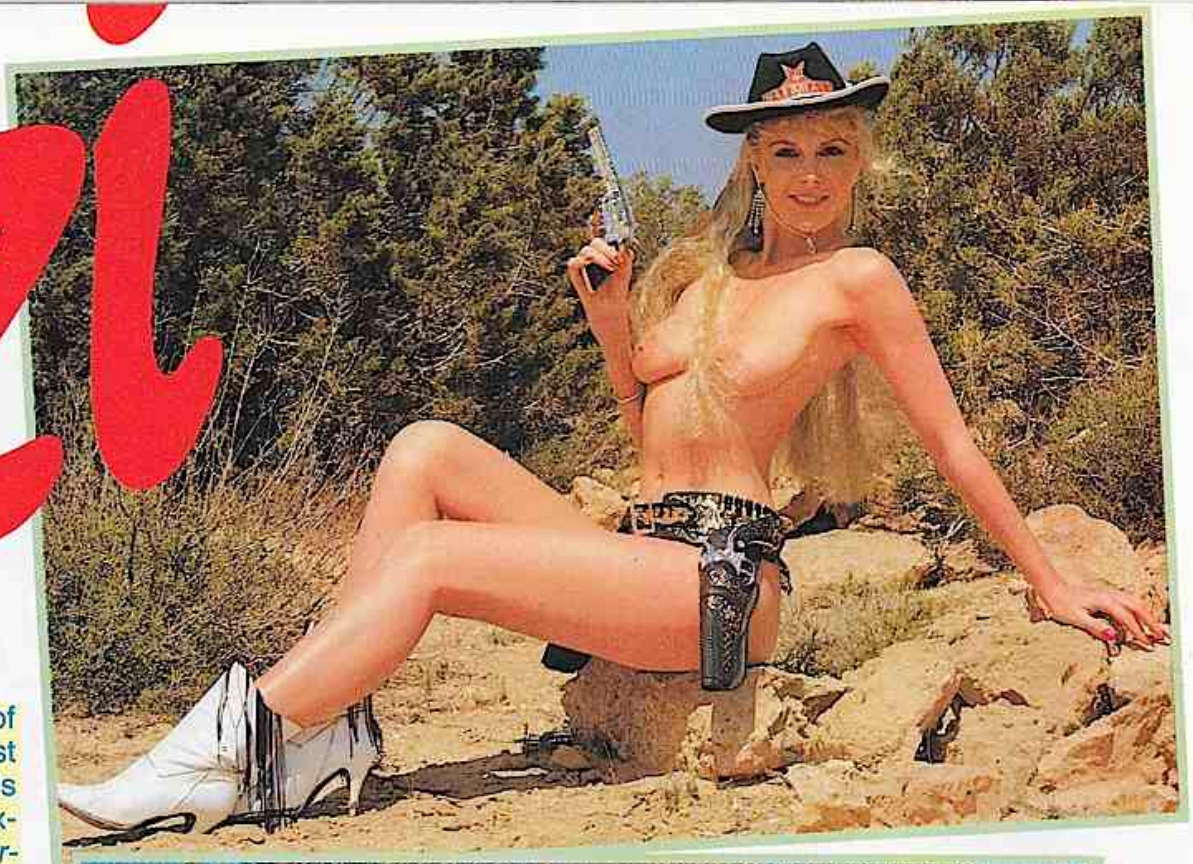
If you are planning a fun evening, why not ask the Club Event Team along? Send your invitations to Club Event, Club International, 2 Archer Street, London W1V 7HE.

Heather

Photographs by Roy Brewington

LIF

WITH Linzi



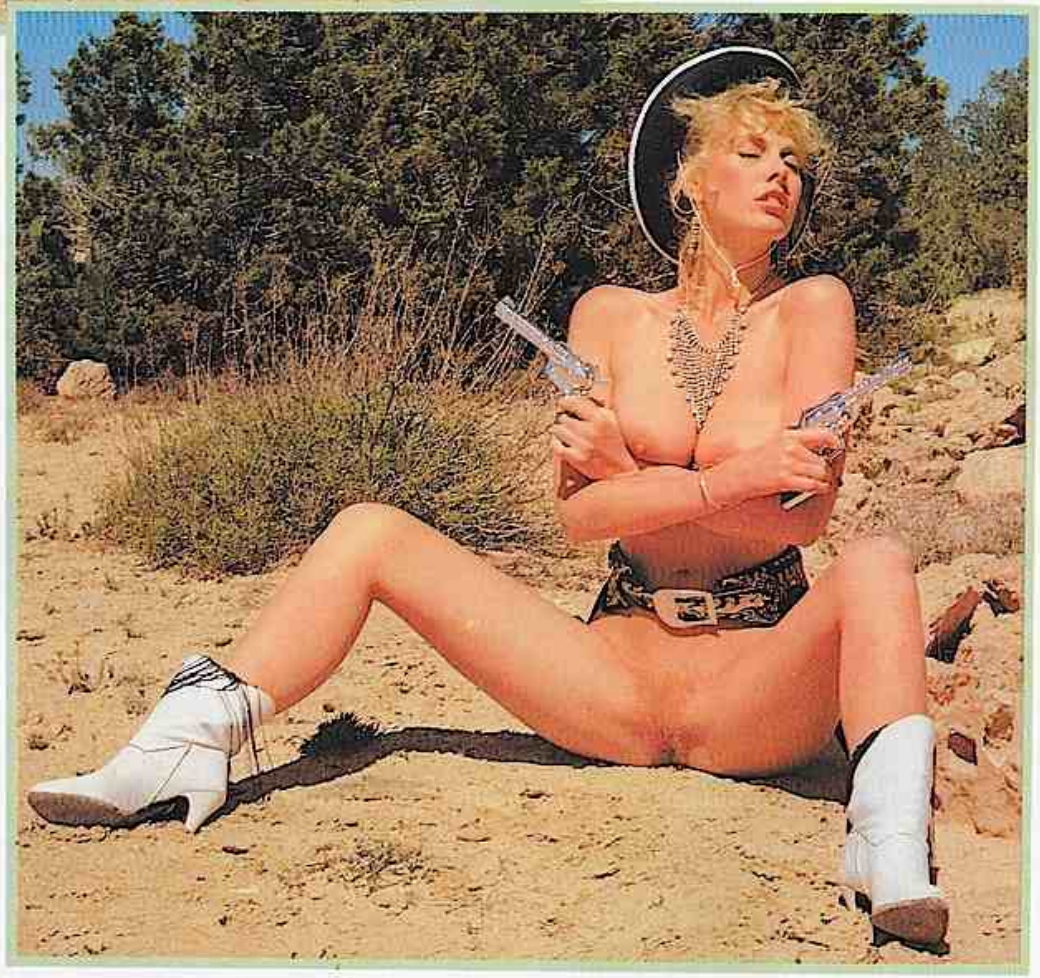
LINZI DREW, one of the sexiest and most photographed models in the world, writes exclusively in *Club International* . . .

This month, I was thinking of calling my naughty natterings *Around the World in 80 Lays*, but even I can't think of 80 countries where I've sampled the delights of the natives! Mind you, I've had some pretty sensational fucks here, there and everywhere which I thought you just might be interested in!

I decided it might be the right idea to start at the beginning of the alphabet and the good old yanks spring readily to mind. I've had quite a lot of scenes with amorous Americans, but the two that stick out most (I don't only mean their cocks!) are a film director and a good old-fashioned cowboy.

Loverboy Cowboy

I met my loverboy cowboy when I visited Los Angeles about four years ago. I was there on holiday with a girlfriend of mine, and cowboy Kirk had just flown in from his ranch in Birmingham, Alabama, to do some stunt work – riding a horse off a cliff, would you believe (I never found out if he made it!). Anyway, we met one day when I was wandering along the prom at Venice Beach. I'm never too keen on people walking up to me in the streets, especially with all the weirdos in LA, but he looked good enough to eat, so I didn't want to pass up the chance to have a good nibble! We arranged a date for the following day and, just like proper little tourists, we set off to San Diego zoo.



I'm not sure if it was hearing all those animal mating calls that got me horny or not, but when we left the zoo that evening, I was positively dying for it. Kirk was such a gentleman; the type who wonders if he should ask for a goodnight kiss on a first date. But there was no way I was going home satisfied with a quick snog, so I knew I'd have to be a little persuasive!

San Diego is only a few miles from the Mexican border, so we decided to drive there for an authentic Mexican dinner. A big boy like Kirk needs his protein, you know! We found a pretty little town called Rosarita and had dinner there, overlooking the beach.

The sun was just beginning to set when we finished eating, so we set off for a romantic little

LIFE WITH linzi

stroll along the beach. Maybe this was a good time to be a little persuasive, I thought, so I whipped off my scanty T-shirt dress and ran into the sea, with my hunky guy watching. I splashed the warm surf on my already pert nipples and eyed my cowboy seductively. It seemed to have the desired effect, because he started to take off his T-shirt.

Wow! Did he have some body! I'd never seen a man's body look so beautiful – and I hadn't even seen his cock (wasn't I romantic in my youth?)! I ran back to where he was undressing, and helped him struggle out of his jeans. His lovely, thick cock matched the rest of his body perfectly and I couldn't wait to get my hands on every inch of it!

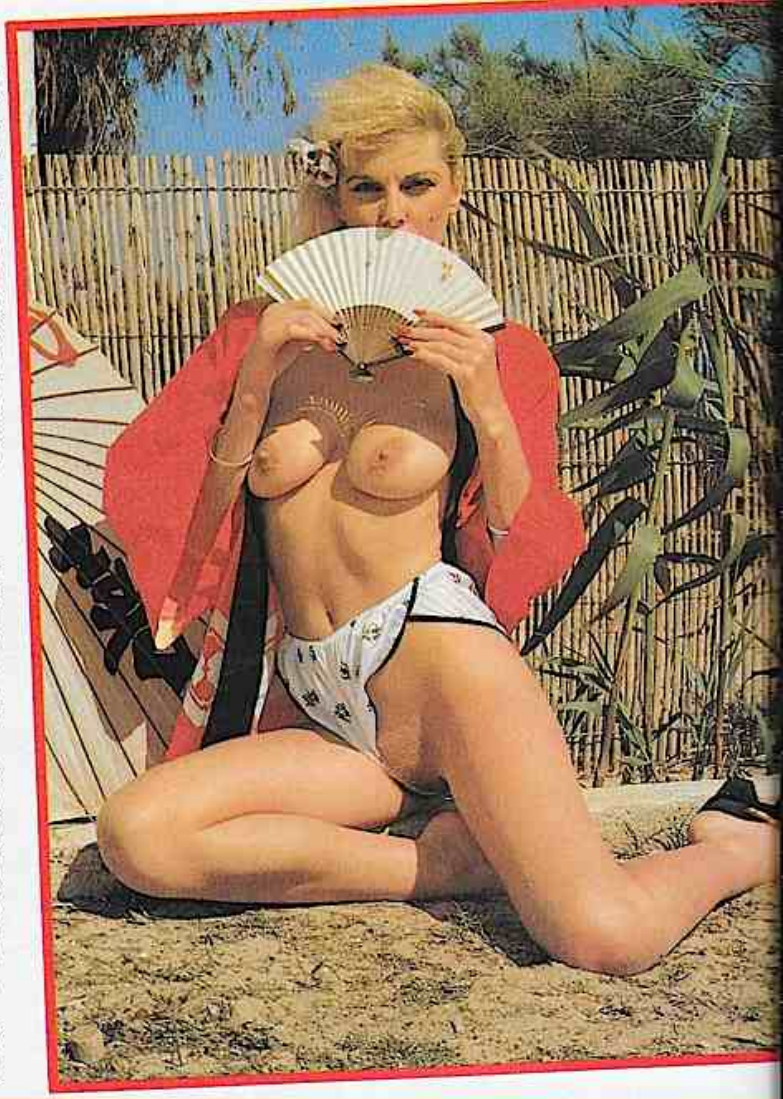
We both ran starkers back into the waves, and I knelt down in the shallow water to kiss his tanned tummy and nibble his naughty bits. It was heaven, sucking away there with the sea lapping at my face. It got even better when Kirk lifted me up and I wrapped my legs tightly around his slim waist. His fingers slid into my juicy pussy and I came almost immediately. The waves pushing against my open legs seemed to make my orgasm go on for about three weeks! He pushed his thick cock into my burning pussy and we had the most heavenly fuck, his strong muscley arms thrusting me up and down his shaft while he sucked frantically on my bouncing boobs.

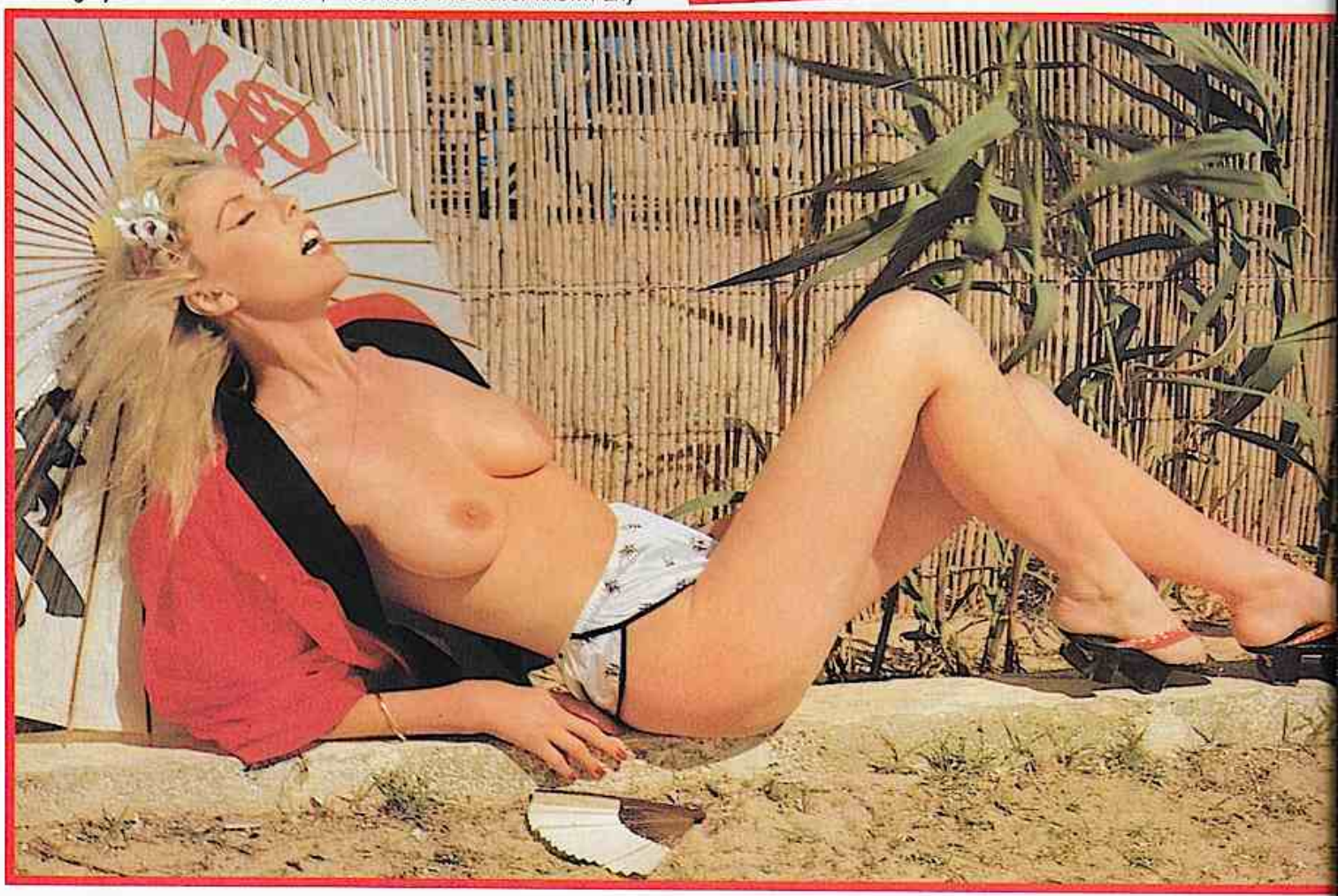
Practice Date

Dozens of orgasms later, we lay in each other's arms on the sand in the darkness. We had to get back to LA, about 100 miles away, but we were both knackered. Unfortunately, Kirk had a practice date with a cliff and a horse the very next day.

Mind you – it was a pretty good 100 miles. I lay down my head on his lap to get a bit of kip, and guess what popped up? That journey back to LA took hours, but I love a few hours of good old-fashioned cock sucking. We had to cool it when we crossed the border, though!

My other American beau was far from backwards at coming forward: I've never known any-





one else who was quite so randy (No doubt he still is!). I'll have to be much more vague on this little episode, as he is a very well-known film producer who is also married. I just borrowed him for a little fun!

He had some very cute little kinky ways. His favourite time for me to give him a blow job was when he was talking long distance on the telephone to the missus! He explained the slurping noises as: 'A bit of interference, Honey!'

He was also very keen on spreading chocolate fudge cake all over my body and then very slowly licking it off. And I loved every minute of it! I never could decide if I liked licking or being licked best!

While he was here in London shooting a film, he had me permanently installed at the film studio, being treated like an absolute star, just for when he 'got the horn' (which was about every couple of hours!). I've always wondered what it means when movie producers promise to get you into films – well, now I know! I got a teeny-weeny part and a jolly good fucking out of it!

Passionate Lovers

Let's move around the globe a little now, to our chummy Common Market countries. I've had some smashing scenes with those sexy French men. They are such passionate lovers, forever whispering sweet nothings: which, unfortunately, mean exactly that to me – nothing! I was always behind the bike sheds playing hooky from my French lessons!

A couple of summers ago, I went on a modelling trip to the sunny Seychelles, for a French men's mag (traitor!). We stayed in this beautiful circular villa with mirrored ceilings and a vibrating bed. Of course it didn't take me long to sample it, along with the tall, dark and handsome French photographer. He was such a playboy: in the two weeks we spent there, he managed to get through all six models, not to mention a few of the natives!

Another foreign photographer I couldn't resist was a hunky Italian called 'Slim', who oouldn't speak a word of English.

He appeared to be friendly but cool, and I really fancied him. I asked Max, my Italian model agent (who was the spitting image of Charles Hawtry!) if he could put in a good word for me. It was a little difficult for

LIFE WITH Linzi

me, as the only Italian I know is *si, si!* It turned out that Slim said *si si*, and we had a wonderful fuck on a hotel balcony overlooking beautiful Roma. His apparent coolness was due to the fact he'd only been married a week! Still, I'm sure they lived happily ever after.

The only bit of nookie I've ever had in Germany was with a blow-up rubber doll! I was in Hamburg modelling some sexy undies for a video. When I'd finished the undies, they produced a whole load of sex aids: vibrators in every shape and size, love balls, creams to make your cock stay erect for hours and orgasms last for ever. After I posed smiling cheerfully with various vibrators in my hand, gaily swinging the love balls, the assistant carried in Tom, my rubber Romeo. Tom came complete with big, hairy balls and a cock that grew when you squeezed it.

The video was so silly. I was sitting seductively on a bed, dressed in slinky black stockings, suspenders and high heels browsing through a German porno mag with Tricky Tommy laid limply by my side. I had to look straight into the camera with a sexy gleam in my eyes, sexily licking my lips in anticipation. Then I had to slowly squeeze his rubbery cock. To make it grow, you didn't have to wank it up and down, just squeeze it at the bottom. This must have looked just a little ridiculous, but not half as ridiculous as when I had to jump on it! Strangely enough, I've never visited Germany again!

Sumptuous Pad

Another incident when I've felt a little foolish in the presence of foreign gentlemen was at a friend's house in Knightsbridge with some Japanese businessmen. My friend, Eddie, is a Japanese yen broker. To butter up his clients, he invites them around to his sumptuous pad, serves a traditional Japanese dinner, shows naughty videos, and, to round the evening off nicely, gets a couple of ladies to entertain them with a little striptease.

Well, one night, one of the girls didn't show up, so I got roped in on the act. Eddie didn't tell me he only had two clients there. I felt such a twit wriggling around on his lovely deep pile living room carpet, taking my clothes off and getting quite turned on, whilst the two cute little Japanese guys sat around whooping like a couple of mad dogs. Must be an old Japanese mating call!

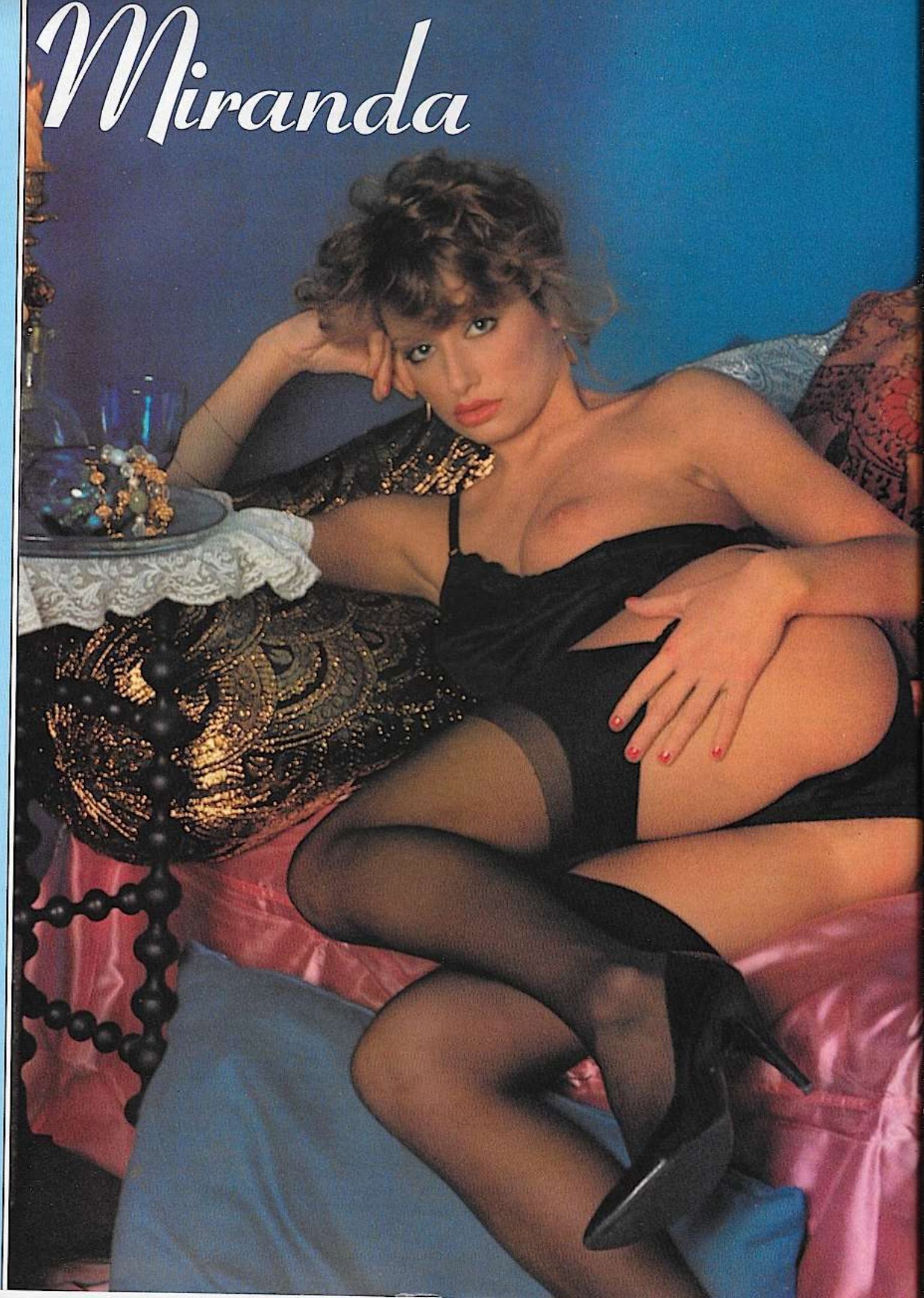
Of course, I haven't forgotten the good old British bunk-up! I suppose the Brits have got to be among my strong favourites. I even lost my cherry to a guy from wicked Warrington! I've got a gorgeous Irish lover at the moment. Don't laugh, but his name's Paddy. He's a schoolteacher from County Cork and I bet he drives all those schoolies wild, as he looks more like a pop star than a schoolteacher (pity they didn't have teachers like that at my school!).

The bonny Scots are such a randy lot as well. I find the Scottish accent so sexy. All except 'See you, Jimmy', that is! The last Scottish guy I went out with was opening his own restaurant. He left me one night in bed at 4am, to go to the restaurant to varnish the floor for its grand opening and I've never seen him since! I wonder if he got stuck? I've never been out with a Scotsman in a kilt, though. I'd really like to know what they wear underneath!

Come to think of it, I don't think I've ever been out with a Welshman. Perhaps I'll get some invites from all you tricky Taffs out there?

Well fellas, I must fly. I'm dashing off to flash my titties on the new series of *Alas, Smith and Jones* for the BBC, so look out for that. See you next month!

Linzi


Miranda

Sian
Photographs by Dwight Fox

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